

HYMENS TRIP- V M P H.

A Pastorall Tragicomædic.

Presented at the Queenes Court in the Strand at
her Maiesties magnificent entertainement of the
Kings most excellent Maiestie, being at
the Nuptials of the Lord
Roxborough.

By SAMVEL DANIEL.

Edw: Palmer



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TO THE MOST
EXCELLENT MA-
IESTIE OF THE HIGHEST-
borne-Princesse, ANNE of Denmark,
Queene of England, Scotland, France
and Ireland.



Ere, what your sacred influence
begat
(Most lou'd, and most respect-
ed Maiestie)
With humble heart, and hand, I
consecrate
Vnto the glory of your memo-
rie:

As being a piece of that solemnitie,
Which your Magnificence did celebrate
In hallowing of those roofes (you rear'd of late)
With fires and chearefull hospitalitie
Whereby, and by your splendent Worthines
Your name shal longer liue then shal your walles
For, that faire struture goodnessse finishes,
Beares off all change of times, and never falleth.
And that is it hath let you in so farre
Into the heart of England as you are.

The Epistle Dedicatore.

And worthily, for, neuer yet was Queene
That more a peoples loue hath merited
By all good graces, and by hauing been
The meanes our State stands fast established
And blest by your blest wombe, who are this day
The highest borne Queene of Europe, and alone
Haue brought this land more blessings euery way,
Then all the daughters of strange Kings haue
For, we by you no claimes, no quarrels haue, (done.
No factions, no betraying of affaires :
You doe not spend our blood, nor states, but saue :
You strength vs by alliance, and your haires.
Not like those fatall marriages of France,
For whom this kingdome hath so dearely paid,
Which onely our afflictions did aduance :
And brought vs farre more miseries, then aid.
Renowned Denmark, that hast furnished
The world with Princes, how much doe we owe
To thee for this great good thou dist bestow,
Whereby we are both blest, and honoured ?
Thou didst not so much hurt vs heretofore
But now thou hast rewarded vs farre more.
But what doe I on this high subiect fall
Here, in the front of this low Pastorall ?
This a more graue, and spacious roome requires
To shew your glorie, and my deepe desires.

Your Maiesties most humble seruant

S A M V E L D A N I E L.



The Prologue.

*Hymen opposed by Auarice, Enuie, and Jealousie
the disturbers of quiet marriage, first enters.*

Hym. *In this disguise and Pastorall attire,
Without my saffron robe, without my torch,
Or other ensignes of my duty :
I Hymen am come hither secretly,
To make Arcadia see a worke of glorie,
That shall deserue an euerlasting storie.*

*Here, shall I bring you two the most entire
And constant louers that were euer seene,
From out the greatest suffrings of annoy
That fortune could inflict, to their full ioy :
Wherin no wilde, no rude, no antique sport,
But tender passions, motions soft, and graue,
The still spectators mast expect to hane.*

*For, these are onely Cynthias recreatiues
Made unto Phœbus, and are feminine ;
And therefore must be gentle like to her,
Whose sweet affections mildly moone and stir.*

*And here, with this white wand, will I effect
As much, as with my flaming torch of Loue :*

The Prologue.

*And with the power thereof, affections moeue
In these faire nymphes, and shepheards round about.*

*Enuie. Stay Hymen, stay; you shall not haue the day
Of this great glorie, as you make account:
We will herein, as we were euer wont,
Oppose you in the matches you addresse,
And undermine them with disturbances.*

*Hym. Now, doe thy wort, base Enuie, thou canst doe,
Thou shalt not disappoint my purposes.*

*Auarice. Then will I, Hymen, in despite of thee,
I will make Parents crosse desires of loue,
With those respects of wealth, as shall dissolve
The strongest knots of kindest faithfullnesse.*

*Hym. Hence, greedy Auarice; I know thou art
A bagge, that doſt bewitch the mindes of men:
Thou ſhalt thou haue no powre at all herein. (canſt;*

*Jealousie. Then will I, Hymen, doe thou what thou
I will ſteale cloſely into linked hearts;
And ſoake their veines with colde diſtrouſhulnesſe;
And euer keepe them waking in their feares,
With ſpirits, which their imagination reares.*

*Hym. Diſquiet Jealousie, vile furie, thou
That art the ougly monſter of the minde,
Anant, be gone, thou ſhalt haue nougħt to doe
In this faire worke of ours, nor euermore
Canſt enter there, where honour keepeſ the doore.*

*And therefore hideous furies, get you hence,
This place is ſacred to integrity,
And cleane desires: your ſight moſt loathſome is*

The Prologue.

Unto so well dispos'd a compamie.

Therefore be gone, I charge you by my powre,
We must haue nothing in Arcadia, sownre.

Enuie. Hymen, thou canst not chase vs so away,
For, looke how long as thou mak'st marriages,
So long will we produce incumbrances.

And we will in the same disguise, as thou,
Mixe vs among these shepheards, that we may
Effect our worke the better, being unknowne ;
For, ills shew other faces then their owne.

The Speakers.

Thyrsis.

Palamon, friend to Thyrsis.

Clarindo, Silvia disguised, the beloved of Thyrsis, supposed to be slaine by wild beasts.

Cloris, a Nymph whom Clarindo serued, and in loue with Thyrsis.

Phillis, in loue with Clarindo.

Montanus, in loue with Phillis.

Lidia, Nurse to Phillis.

Dorcas. }
Silvannus. }
Forresters.

Medorus, father to Silvia.

Charinus, father to Thyrsis.

Chorus of Shepheards.



ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Thirfis. Palæmon.

SO to be rest of all the ioyes of life,
How is it possible *Palæmon*, I
Should euer more a thought retaine
Of the least comfort vpon earth againe?

No, I would hate this heart, that hath receiu'd
So deepe a wound, if it should euer come
To be recur'd, or would permit a roome
To let in any other thing then grieve.

Pal. But *Thirfis* you must tel me what is the cause?
Thi. Think but what cause I haue; whē hauing pass'd
The heates, the colds, the trembling agonies
Of feares, and hopes, and all the strange assaults
Of passion, that a tender heart could feele
In the attempt, and pursuite of his loue.
And then to be vndone, when all was done,
To perish in the hauen, after all
Those Ocean suffrings, and eu'en then to haue
My hopefull Nuptiall bed, turn'd to a graue.
Pal. Good *Thirfis* by what meanes, I pray thee tell
Thi. Tell thee? alas *Palæmon*, how can I tell

A

And

And liue? doest thou not feethese fields haue lost
Their glory, since that time *Silvia* was lost?
Silvia, that onely deckt, that onely made
Arcadia shine; *Silvia* who was (ah woe the while)
So miserablierent from off the world.
So rapt away, as that no signe of her,
No peece was left to tell vs by what meanes:
Safe onely this poore remnant of her vaile,
All torne, and this deere locke of her rent haire;
Which holy reliques here I keepe with me,
The sad memorials of her dismall fate.
Who sure devoured was vpon the shore
By rauenous beasts, as she was walking there
Alone, it seemes; perhaps in seeking me
Or els retir'd to meditate apart
The storie of our loues, and heauie smart.

Pal. This is no newes, you tell, of *Silvia* death.
That was long since: why shold you waile her now?
Thi. Long since *Palamon*? thinke you any length
Of time can euer haue a powre to make
A heart of flesh not mourne, not grieue, not pine?
That knowes, that feels, that thinks as much as mine

Pal. But *Thiris*, you know how her father meant
To match her with *Alexis*, and a day
To celebrate the nuptials was prefist.

Thi. True, he had such a purpose, but in vaine,
As oh it was best knowne vnto vs twaine.
And hence it grew that gaue vs both our feares,
That made our meeting health, our parting teares.

Hence

Hence was it, that with many a secret wile,
Wee rob'd our lookes th'onlookers to beguile
This was the cause, oh miserable cause,
That made her by her selfe to stray alone,
Which els God knowes, she never shold haue done.
For had our libertie as open beene,
As was our loues, *Silvia* had not beene seene
Without her *Thirstis*, never had we gone
But hand in hand, nor euer had misch:nce
Tooke vs asunder; shee had alwaies had
My bodie interpos'd betwixt all harmes
And her. But ah we had our libertie
Laid fast in prison when our loues were free.

Pa. But how knowst thou her loue was such to thee?

Thi. How do I know the Sun, the day from night?

Pal. Womens affections doe like flashes proue,
They oft shew passion when they feele small loue.

Thir. Ah do not so prophane that precious sexe,
Which I must euer reurence for her sake,
Who was the glorie of her kinde; whose heart
In all her actions so transparant was
As I might see it cleere and wholly myne,
Alwayes obseruing truth in one right line.

How oft hath she bene vrg'd by fathers threats,
By friends perswasions, and *Alexis* sighs,
And teares and prayers, to admit his loue,
Yet neuer could be wonne? how oft haue I
Beheld the brauest heardsmen of these plaines,
(As what braue heardsman was there in the plaines

Of all *Arcadia*, that had not his heart
VV arm'd with her beames) to seek to win her loue.

Ah I remember well (and how can I
But euer more remember well) when first
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
The flame we felt, when as we sate and sigh'd
And lookd vpon each other, and conceiu'd
Not what we ayld, yet something we did ayle.
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
And what was our disease we could not tell.
Then would we kisse, then sigh, then looke: & thus
In that first garden of our simplenesse
Wee spent our childhood: but when yeeres began
To reape the fruite of knowledge, ah how then
Wold she with grauer looks, with sweet stern brow,
Check my presumption and my forwardnes,
Yet still would giue me flowers, still would me shew
What she would haue me, yet not haue me know.

Pal. Alas with what poore Coyne are louers paid,
And taken with the smalleſt bayte is laid?

Thi. And when in sports with other company,
Of Nymphes and shepherds we haue met abroade
How would she steale a looke: and watch mine eye
Which way it went? and when at Barley breakē
It came vnto my turne to rescue her,
With what an earnest, swift, and nimble pace
Would her affection make her feet to run
And farther run then to my hand? her race
Had no stop but my bosome where to end.

And

And when we were to break againe, how late
And loath her trebling hand wold part with mine,
And with how slow a pace would shee set forth
To meet the encountring party, who contends
T'attaine her, scarce affording him her fingers ends?

Pal. Fie *Thiris*, with what fonda remembrances
Doest thou these idle passions entertaine?
For shame leaue off to waste your youth in vaine,
And feede on shadowes: make your choice anew.
You other Nymphes shall find, no doubt will be
As louely, and as faire: and sweete as she.

Thi. As faire and sweete as she? *Palamon* peace:
Ah what can pictures be vnto the life,
VVhat sweetnes can be found in Images?
VVhich all Nymphes els besides her seemes to me.
She onely was a reall creaturee, shee,
VVhose memory must take vp all of mee.
Should I another loue, then must I haue,
Another heart, for this is full of her,
And euermore shall be: here is shee drawne
At length, and whole, and more, this table is
A storie, and is all of her; and all
Wrought in the liueliest colours of my bloud;
And can there be a roome for others heere?
Should I disfigure such a peece, and blot
The perfectst workmanship loue euer wrought.
Palamon no, ah no, it cost too deere,
It must remaine intire whilst life remaines,
The monument of her and of my paines.

Pal. Thou maiest be such a fond Idolater
 To die for loue ; though that were very strange.
 Loue hath few Saints, but many confessors.
 And time no doubt will raze out all these notes,
 And leaue a roome at length for other thoughts.

Thi. Yes when there is no spring, no tree, no groue
 In all *Arcadia* to record our loue:
 And tell me where we were (the time we were)
 How we did meeete together, what we said ;
 Where we did ioy, and where we fatedismai'd.
 And then I may forget her, not before.
 Till then I must remember one so deere,
 VVhen every thing I see tells me of her.

And you deere Reliques of that martred Saint,
 My heart adores, you the perpetuall bookes
 Whereon when teares permit, mine eye still looks:
 Ah you were with her last, and till my last
 You must remaine with me; you were reseru'd
 To tell me shee was lost, but yet alas,
 You cannot tell me how: I wold you could. (hood,

White spotlesse vaile, cleane, like her woman-
 Which whilome covredst the most louely face
 That ever eye beheld. Was there no message sent
 From her by thee? Ah yes, there seemes it was ;
 Here is a *T* made with her blood, as if
 Shee would haue written, *Thirsis, I am slaine*
 In seeking thee; sure so it should haue beene,
 And so I reade it, and shall ever so.

And thou sweet remnant of the fairest haire,
 That

That euer wau'd with winde. Ah thee I found
Wh n her I hop'd to finde, wrapt in a round,
Like to an *O*, the character of woe ;
As if to say, *O Thirstis*, I diethine.

This much you tell me yet, dumb messengers,
Of her last minde ; and what you cannot tell
That I must thinke, which is the most extreame
Of wofulnesse, that any heart can thinke.

Pal. There is no dealing with this man, I see,
This humour must be let to spend it selfe
Vnto a lesser substance, ere that we
Can any way apply a remedy.
But I lament his case, and so I know
Do all that see him in this wofull plight :
And therefore will I leaue him to himselfe,
For sorrow that is full, hates others sight. (maines

Thir. Come boy, whilst I contemplate these re-
Of my lost loue, vnder this myrtle tree,
Record the dolefull'st song, the sighing'st notes,
That musicke hath to entertaine bad thoughts.
Let it be all at flats my boy, all graue,
The tone that best befits the griefe I haue.

The Song.

Had sorrow euer fitter place
To aet his part,
Then is my heart,
Where it takes vp all the space?

Hymens Triumph.

Where is no veine
 To entertaine
 A thought that weares another face.
 Nor will I sorrow euer hane,
 Therein to be,
 But onely thee,
 Towhence I full possession gane :
 Thou in thy name
 Must holde the same,
 Vntill thou bring it to the grano.

So boy, now leau me to my selfe, that I
 May be alone to griefe, entire to misery.

SCEN. II.

Cloris. Clarindo.

Now gentle boy Clarindo, hast thou brought
 My flockes into the field?

Cla. Mistris I haue.

Clo. And hast thou told them?

Cla. Yes.

Clo. And are there all?

Cla. All.

Clo. And hast thou left them safe my boy?

Cla. Safe.

Clo.

Clo. Then whilst they feede, *Clarindo*, I must vse
Thy seruice in a serious businesse.
But thou must do it well my boy.

Cla. The best I can.

Clo. Do'st thou know *Thirsis*?

Cla. Yes.

Clo. But know'st him well?

Cla. I haue good reason to know *Thirsis* well.

Clo. What reason boy?

Cla. I oft haue seene the man.

Clo. Why then he knowes thee too? (late.)

Cla. Yes I suppose, vnles he hath forgotten me of

Clo. But hath heheard thee sing my boy?

Cla. He hath.

Clo. Then doubtles he doth well remember thee.
VVell, vnto him thou must a message do
From thy sad mistres *Cloris*; but thou must
Doe it exactly well, with thy best grace,
Best choice of language, and best countenance.
I know thou canst doe well, and hast a speech
And fashion pleasing to performe the same.
Nor can I haue a fitter messenger
In this imployment then thy selfe my boy.
For sure me thinkes, noting thy forme and grace,
That thou hast much of *Silvia* in thy face:
Which if he shall perceiue as well as I,
Sure, he will giue thee audience willinglie.
And for her sake, if not for mine, heare out
Thy message; for he still (though she be dead)

Holdes

Holdes sparkles of her vnextinguished.
 And that is death to me : for though sometimes
Silvia and I most deere companions were,
 Yet when I saw he did so much preferre
 Her before me, I deadly hated her ;
 And was not sorie for her death, and yet
 Was sorie shee should come to such a death.

But to the purpose, goe to *Thirsis*, boy:
 Say, thou art *Cloris* seruant, sent to be
 The messenger of her distressed teares :
 Who languishes for him, and neuer shall
 Haue comfort more, vnlesse he give it her.

Cla. I will.

Clo. Nay but stay boy, ther's something else.
 Tell him, his cruelty makes me vndoe
 My modesty, and to put on that part
 VVhich appertaines to him, that is to wooe :
 And to disgrace my Sexe, to shew my heart,
 VVhich no man else could haue had powre to doe.
 And that vnlesse he doe restore me backe
 Vnto my selfe, by his like loue to me,
 I cannot liue.

Cla. All this I'le tell him too.

Clo. Nay but stay boy, there is yet more :
 Tell him, it will no honour be to him,
 When ever it shall come to be made knowne,
 That he hath beene her death that was his owne.
 And how his loue hath fatall beene to two
 Distressed nymphes.

Cla.

Hymens Triumph.

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Cla. This will I tell him too.

Clo. Nay but stay boy, wilt thou say nothing else,
As of thy selfe, to waken vp his loue?
Thou mayst say something which I may not say,
And tell him how thou holdst me full as faire,
Yea and more faire, more louely, more compleate
Then euer *Silvia* was. More wise, more stai'd,
How shee was but a light and wauering maid.

Cla. Nay there I leaue you, that I cannot say.

Clo. What sayst thou boy?

Cla. Nothing, but that I will
Endeauour all I can to worke his loue.

Clo. Doe good my boy: but thou must yet adde
As from thy selfe, & say, what an vnkinde (more,
And barbarous part it is to suffer thus
So beauteous and so rare a nymph to pine
And perish for his loue; and such a one,
As if shee would haue stoop'd to others flame,
Hath had the gallantst heardsmen of these fields
Fall at her feete: all which she hath despis'd,
Hauing her heart before by thee surpriz'd.
And now doth nothing else, but sit and mourne:
Speake *Thirsis*, weepe *Thirsis*, sigh *Thirsis*, and
Sleepe *Thirsis* when she sleepes, which is but rare.
Besides, good boy thou must not sticke to sweare,
Thou oft hast seene me sowne, & sinke to ground
In these deep passions, wherein I abound.
For something thou maist say beyond the truth,
By reason of my loue, and of thy youth.

Dos

Hymeneus Triumph.

Doe, good *Clarindo* sweare, and vow thus much.
 But do'st thou now remember all I say,
 Do'st thou forget no parcell of my speeche,
 Shall I repeate the same againe to thee?
 Or els wilt thou rehearse it vnto mee?
 That I may know thou hast it perfect, boy.

Cla. It shall not need: be sure I will report,
 What you enioyne me, in most earnest sort.

Clo. Ah doe good boy. Although I feare it will,
 Auaile me little: for I doubt his heart
 Is reposseſſed with another loue.

Cla. Another loue? Who may that be, I pray?
Clo. With *Amarillis*, I haue heard: for they

Are thought, will in the end make vp a match.

Cla. With *Amarillis*? Well, yet will I goe,
 And try his humour whether it beso?

Clo. Goe good *Clarindo*, but thou must not faile
 To worke effectually for my auaile.
 And doe not stay, returne with speed good boy,
 My passions are to great t'indure delay.

ACT. I. SCEN. III.

Clarindo sol.

THerfis in loue with *Amarillis*? then
 In what a case am I? what doth availe,

This

This altred habite, that belies my Sexe?
What boots it t'haue escap'd from pirats hands
And with such wiles to haue deceiu'd their wills,
If I returne to fall on worser ills?
In loue with *Amarillis*? is that so?
Is *Silvia* then forgot? that hath endur'd
So much for him? doe all these miseries
(Cauf'd by his meanes) deserue no better hire?
Was it the greatest comfort of my life,
To haue return'd that I might comfort him?
And am I welcom'd thus? ah did mine eies
Take neuer rest, after I was arriu'd
Till I had seene him, though vnkownne to him?
Being hidden thus, and couer'd with disguise
And masculine attire, to temporize
Vntill *Alexis* mariage day be past,
Which shortly as I heare will be: and which
Would free me wholly from my fathers feare:
Who if he knew I were return'd, would yet
Vndoe I doubt that match, to match me there.
Which would be more then all my suffrings were.

Indeed me thought when I beheld the face
Of my deere *Thiris*, I beheld a face
Confounded all with passion, which did much
Afflict my hart: but yet I litle thought
It could haue beene for any others loue.
I did suppose the memorie of me,
And of my rapture, had possest him so,
As made him shew that countenance of woe.

And

And much adoe had I then to forbeare
 From casting me into his armes, and yeild
 What comfort my poore selfe could yeild, but that
 I thought our ioyes would not haue bin complete,
 But might haue yeilded vs anoyes as great,
 Vnlesse I could come wholly his, and deer'd
 From all those former dangers which we fear'd :
 VVhich now a little stay (though any stay
 Be death to me) would wholly take away.

And therefore I resolu'd my selfe to beare
 This burthen of our sufferings yet a while,
 And to become a seruant in this guise,
 To her I would haue skorne otherwife:
 And be at all commands, to goe, and come,
 To trudge into the fields, early, and late.
 VVhich though I know, it misbecomes my state:
 Yet it becomes my fortune, which is that,
 Not *Phillis* whom I serue : but since I serue,
 I will doe what I doe most faithfully.

But *Thirfis*, is it possible that thou
 Shouldst so forget me, and forgo thy vowe?
 Or is it but a flying vaine report,
 That slanders thine affection in this sort?
 It may be so, and God grant it may be so:
 I shall soone finde if thou be false or no :
 But ah here comes my Fury, I must flie.

ACT. I. SCEN. IIII.

*Phillis.**Clarindo.*

Ah cruell youth, whither away so fast?

Cla. Good *Phillis* do not stay me, I haue haste.

Phi. What haste shouldst thou haue but to comfort
VWho hath no other comfort but in thee? (me,

Cla. Alas thou do'st but trouble me in vaine,
I cannot helpe thee: t'is not in my powre.

Phi. Not in thy powre *Clarindo*? ah if thou
Hadst any thing of manknes, thou wouldest.

Cla. But if I haue not, what doth it availe
In this sort to torment thy selfe and me?
And therefore pre thee *Phillis* let me goe.

Phi. Ah whither canst thou go, where thou shalt be
More deereley lou'd and cherisht then with me?

Cla. But that my purpose cannot satisfie,
I must be gone, there is no remedie.

Phi. O cruell youth, will thy hart nothing mope?
Shew me yet pitie, if thou shew not loue.

Cla. Beleeue me *Phillis* I do pitie thee;
And more, lament thy error, so farewell.

Phi. And art thou gone hard-hearted youth? hast
Thus disappointed my desires, and left (thou
My shame t'afflict me worser then my loue?

Now

Now in what case am I, that neither can
Recall my modestie, nor thee againe?

Ah were it now to do againe, my passions should
Haue smothred me to death, before I would
Haue shew'd the smallest sparkle of my flame.
But it is done, and I am now vndone.

Ah hadst thou bene a man, and had that part
Of vnderstanding of a womans hart,
My words had bene vnborne, onely mine eies
Had bene a tongue ynough to one were wise.
But this it is, to loue a boy, whose yeares
Conceiues not his owne good, nor weighes my
But this disgrace I iustly haue deseru'd (teares:

S C E N. V.

Lidia. *Phillis.*

SO *Phillis* haue you, and y'are rightly seru'd.
Haue you disdain'd the gallanſt Forresters,
And brauest heardsmen all *Arcadia* hath,
And now in loue with one is not a man ?
Assure your ſelſe this is a iuft reuenge
Louetakes, for your miſprision of his powre.
I told you often there would come a time,
When you would ſure be plagu'd for ſuch a crime:
But you would laugh at me, as one you thought
Conceiu'd not of what mettall you were wrought.

Is

Is this you, who would wonder any nymphes
Could ever be so foolish as to loue?
Who is so foolish now? *Phil.* Peace *Lidia*, peace,
Addē not more griefē t' a hart that hath toomuch,
Do not insult vpon her misery,
Whose flame, God wot, needs water, and not oyle.
Thou seest I am vndone, caught in the Toyle
Of an intangling mischiefe: tell me how
I may recouer, and vnwinde me now.

Lid. That doth require more time, we will apart
Consult thereof, be you but rul'd by me,
And you shall finde, I, yet, will set you free.

Exeunt.

The song of the first Chorus.

Lone is a sicknesse full of woes,
All remedies refusing:
A plant that with most cutting growes;
Most barren with best vsing.

Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dyes;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,
Hey ho.

Lone is a torment of the mindes,
A tempest everlastinge;

B

And

*And Ioue hath made it of a kinde,
Not well, nor full nor fasting.*

Why so?

*More we enjoy it, more it dies,
If not enjoyd, it sighing cries,
Hey ho.*

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Silvanus.

Dorcas.

Montanus.

IN what a meane regard are we now held,
VVe actiue and laborious forresters?
VVho though our liuing rurall be and rough,
Yet heretofore were we for valour priz'd,
And well esteem'd in all good companies:
Nor would the daintielt nymphes that valleyes
Or fields inhabite, euer haue despis'd (haunt
Our siluane songs, nor yet our plaine discourse;
But gracefullly accepted of our skill,
And often of our loues, when they haue seene
How faithfull and how constant we haue beene.

Dor. It's true *Silvanus*, but you see the times
Are altred now, and they so dainty growne,
By being ador'd, and woo'd, and followed so
Of those vnsnowed amorous heardsmen, who
By reason of their rich and mighty flockes,
Supply their pleasures with that plenteousnesse,

As

As they disdaine our plainnesse, and do scorne
Our company, as men rude and ill borne.

Su. V Vell, so they doe; but *Dorcas* if you marke
How oft they doe miscarie in their loue,
Aud how disloyall these fine heardsmen prooue;
You shall perceiue how their abundaut store
Payes not their expectation, nor desires.
Witnesse these groues wherein they oft deplore
The miserable passions they sustaine:
And how perfidious, wayward, and vnkinde,
They finde their loues to be; which we, who are
The eyes, and eares of woods, oft see and heare.
For hither to these groues they much resort,
And here one wayles apart the vsage hard
Of her disordred, wilde, and wilfull mate;
There mournes another her vnhappy state,
Held euer in restraint, and in suspect:
Another to her trusty confident,
Laments how shee is matcht to such a one
As cannot gue a woman her content.
Another grieues how shee hath got a foole,
Whose bed, although shee loath, shee must endure.
And thus they all vnhappy by that meanes
Which they accompt would bring all happinessse;
Most wealthely are plagu'd, with rich distresse.

Dor. And so they are, but yet this was not wont
To be the fashion here; there was a time
Before *Arcadia* came to be diseas'd
With these corrupted humors reigning now,

That choise was made of vertue and desert,
 VVithout respect of any other endes:
 VVhen loue was onely master of their hearts,
 And rul'd alone: when simple thoughts produc'd
 Plaine honest deedes, and euery one contends
 To haue his fame to follow his deserts,
 And not his shewes; to be the same he was,
 Not seem'd to be: and then were no such parts
 Of false deceiuings plaide, as now we see.

But after that accursed greedinesse
 Of wealth began to enter and possesse
 The hearts of men, integrity was lost,
 And with it they themselues, for neuer more;
 Came they to be in their owne powre againe.
 That Tyrant vanquisht them, made them all slaues,
 That brought base seruitude into the world,
 VVhich else had neuer bin; that only made
 Them to endure all whatsoeuer weights
 Powre could deuise to lay vpon their necke.
 For rather thē they would not haue, they would not
 But miserable. So that no deuice (be
 Needes else to keepe them vnder, they themselues
 Will beare farre more then they are made, theſelues
 Will adde vnto their fetters, rather then
 They would not be, or held to be great men.

Sil. Then *Dorcas*, how much more are we to prize
 Our meane estate, which they so much despise?
 Considering that we doe enjoy thereby,
 The dearest thing in nature, *Liberty*.

And

And are not tortur'd with those hopes and feares,
Th'affliction laid on superfluities,
VVhich make them to obscure, and serue the times:
But are content with what the earth, the woods
And riuers neere doe readily afforde
And therewithall furnish our homly borde.
These vnbought cates please our vnlearned throats
That vnderstand not dainties, euen as well
As all their delicates, which doe but stiffe
And not sustaine the stomacke: and indeede
A well obseruing belly doth make much
For libertie; for he that can but liue,
Although with rootes, and haue no hopes, is free
VVithout the verge of any sou'rantie.
And is a Lord at home, commands the day
Ashis till night, and then reposes him
At his owne houres. thinkes on no stratagem
But how to take his game, hath no deaigne
To crosse next day: no plots to vndermine.

Dor. But why *Montanus*, doe you looke so sad?
VVhat is the cause your minde is not as free
As your estate? what, haue you had of late
Some coy repulse of your disdainfull nymph,
To whome loue hath subdu'd you? who indeede
Our only master is, and no Lord else
But he, hath any power to vexe vs here;
Which had he not, we too too happy were.

Mon. In troth I must confess, when now you two
Found me in yonder thicket, I had lost

My selfe, by hauing scene that which I would
 I had not had these eyes to see ; and iudge
 If I great reason haue not to complaine :
 You see I am a man, though not so gay
 And delicately clad, as are your fine
 And amorous dainty heardismen ; yet a man,
 And that not base, not vn-allyde to *Pan* ;
 And of a spirit doth not degenerate
 From my robustious manly ancestours,
 Being never foild in any wrastling game,
 But still haue borne away the chiefest prize
 In every braue and active exercise.
 Yet notwithstanding that disdainfull maid,
 Prowd *Phillis*, doth despise me and my loue,
 And will not daigne so much as here me speake,
 But doth abiure, for sooth, the thought of loue.

Yet shall I tell you (yet askam'd to tell;)
 This coy vnloving soule, I saw ere while
 Soliciting a youth, a smooth fac'd boy,
 Whom in her armes shee held (as seem'd to me,
 Being closely busht a prety distance off,) *l. 1. v. 11*
 Against his will ; and with strange passion vrg'd
 His stay, who seem'd, struggled to get away,
 And yet shee staid him, yet intreats his stay.

At which strange sight, imagine I that stood
 Spectatour, how confoundedly I stood,
 And hardly could forbear from running in
 To claime for mine, if euer loue had right,
 Those her imbraces cast away in sight :

But

But staying to behold the end, I staid
Too long; the boy gets loose; her selfe retires,
And you came in; but if I liue, that boy
Shall dearely pay for his misfortune, that
He was beloued of her, of whom I would
Hauē none on earth beloued, but my selfe.

Dor. That were to bite the stone, a thing vniust,
To punish him for her conceiued lust.

Mon. Tush, many in this world we see are caught,
And suffer for misfortune, not their fault.

Sil. But that would not become your manlines,
Montanus, it were shame for valiant men
To doe vneworthily.

Mon. Speake not of that, *Siluanus*, if my rage
Irregular be made, it must worke like effects.

Dor. These are but billowes, tumbling after
They last not long, come let some exercise (storms,
Divert that humour, and conuert your thoughts
To know your selfe; scorne her who scorneth you;
Idolatrize not so that Sexe, but hold
A man of strawe, more then a wife of gold.

Exeunt.

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

Lidia. *Phillis.*

*Y*ou must not, *Phillis*, be so sensible (makes
Of these small touches which your passion

B 4

Phi.

Phi. Small touches *Lidia*, do you count the small?
 Can there unto a woman worse befall
 Then hath to mee? what? haue not I lost all
 That is most deare to vs, loue and my fame?
 Is there a third thing *Lidia* you can name
 That is so precious as to match with these?

Lid. Now fly girle, how fondly doe you talke?
 How haue you lost your fame; what for a few
 Ill-fauour'd louing words, vtred in ieast
 Vnto a foolish youth? Cannot you say
 You did but to make triall how you could,
 If such a peevish qualme of passion should
 (As never shall) oppresse your tender heart,
 Frame your conceit to speake, to looke, to sigh
 Like to a heart-strooke louer; and that you
 Perceiuing him to be a bashfull youth,
 Thought to put spirit in him, and make you sport.

Phi. Ah *Lidia*, but he saw I did not sport,
 He saw my teares, and more, what shall I say?
 He saw too much, and that which never man
 Shall ever see againe whil'st I haue breath.

Lid. Are you so simple as you make your selfe?
 What did he see? a counterfeited shew
 Of passion, which you may, if you were wise,
 Make him as easily to vnbelineue,
 As what he never saw; and thinke his eyes
 Conspir'd his vnderstanding to deceiue.

How many women, thinke you, being espide
 In neerer-touching cases by mischance,

Haue

Haue yet not onely fac'd their louers downe
For what they saw, but brought them to belettre
They had not seene the thing which they had seen,
Yea and to sweare it too; and to condemne
Themselues ? such meanes can wit devise
To make mens raindes vncredit their owne eyes.

And therefore let not such a toy as this
Disease your thoughts : and for your losse of loue,
It is as much as nothing. I would turne
A passion vpon that should overturne
It cleane, and that is wrath; one heate
Expels another. I would make my thoughts of
To be in height so much aboue my loue, (skorne
As they should easie and please me more by farre.
I would disdaine to cast a looke that way
Where he should stand, vniess it were in skorne,
Or thinke a thought of him, but how to worke
Him all disgrace that possibly I could.

Phi. That *Lidia* can I never doe, let him
Do what he will to me : report my shame,
And vaunt his fortune, and my weaknesse blame.

Lid. Nay as for that, he shall be so well charmed
Ere I haue done, as you shall feare no tales.

Phi. Ah *Lidia*, could that be without his harme,
How blessed should I be? But seewhere comes
My great tormentour, that rude Forrester.
Good *Lidia* let vs flie, I hate his sight
Next to the ill I suffer: let vs flie,
VVe shall be troubled with him wofully.

Lid.

Lid. Content you *Phillis*, stay & heare him
We may make vse of him more then you thinke.

Phil. What vse can of so grosse a person be?

Lid. The better vse, be sure, for beeing gay
Your subtler spirits full of their fine witts
Scrue their owne turnes in other men.

A C T. IV.

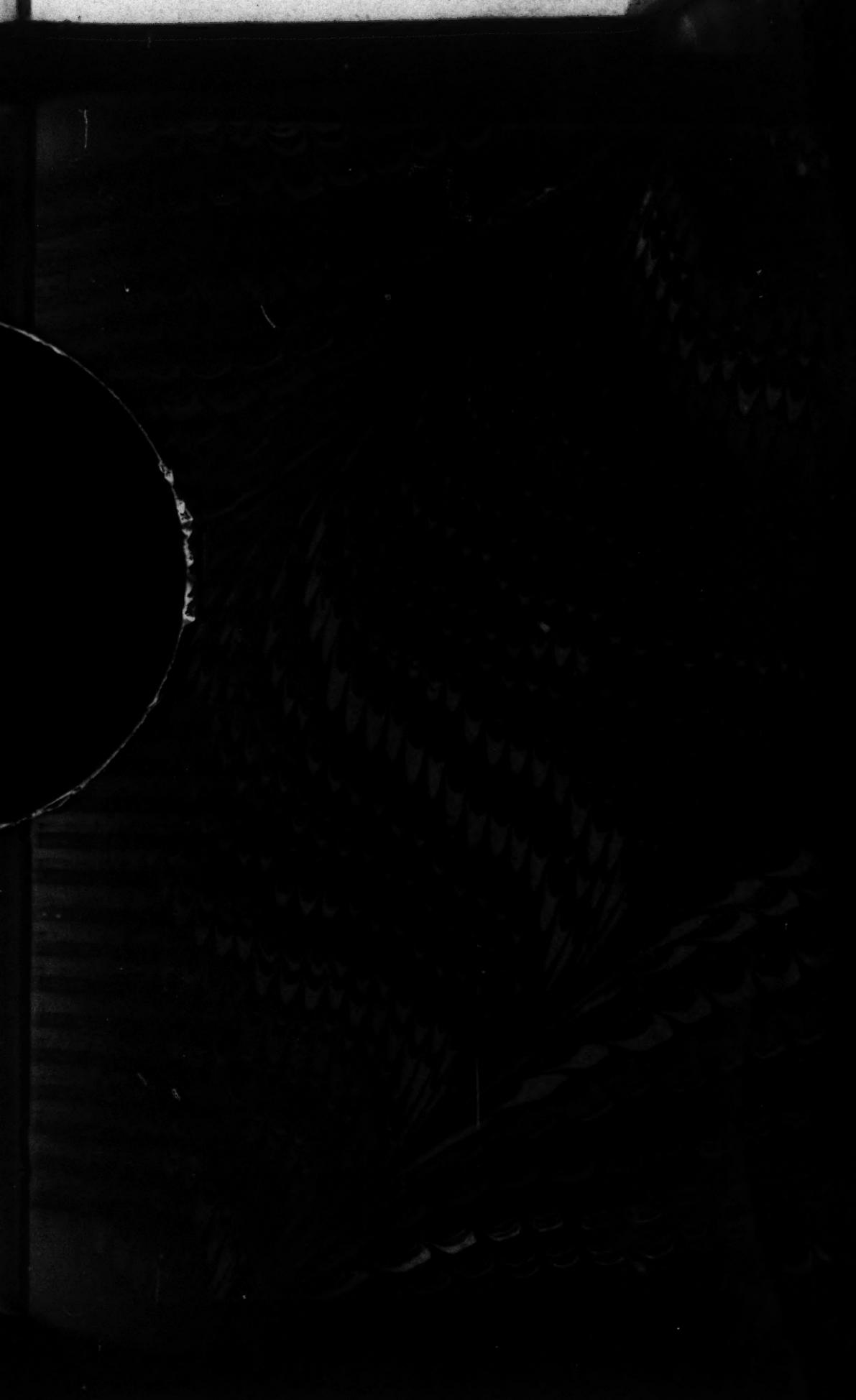
Mercator.

VVhat pleasure can I have
When I my selfe
By mine owne passions am
Let them who bridle their hounds
Attend those sports. I cannot tell
Where I receiv'd my hurt, howe in
The maze of my perplexed miserie.

— And here see where she is the cause of all ?
And now, what shall I doe ? what shall I say ?
How shall I looke ? how stand ? which witt first
My loue or wrath ? Alas I know not which.
Now were it not as good haue bee[n] away,
As th[is]t to come, and not tell what to say ?

Phil. See *Lid* see, howe famelie hee looks,
Good let vs goe, I never shall endure
To heare him bellow. *Lid.* Prethee *Phillis* stay.

Act. IV.



Lid. Content you *Phillis*, stay & heare him speake:
We may make vse of him more then you thinke.

Phil. What vse can of so grosse a peece be made?

Lid. The better vs: be sure, for beeing grosse,
Your subtler spirits full of their finesses,
Scrue their owne turnes in others busynesses.

A C T. II. SCEN. III.

Montanus. *Lidia.* *Phillis.*

What pleasure can I take to chase wild beasts,
When I my selfe am chac'd more egarly
By mine owne passions, and can finde no rest?
Let them who haue their heart at libertie,
Attend those sports. I cannot be from hence,
Where I receiu'd my hurt, here must I tread
The maze of my perplexed miserie.

And here see where shee is the cause of all?
And now, what shall I doe? what shall I say?
How shall I looke? how stand? which vtter first?
My loue or wrath? Alas I know not which.
Now were it not as good haue beene away,
As thusto come, and not tell what to say?

Phil. See *Lidia* see, how sauagely hee lookes,
Good let vs goe, I neuer shall endure
To heare him bellow. *Lid.* Prethee *Phillis* stay

And

And giue him yet the hearing, in respect
Hee loues you, otherwise you shew your selfe
A sauge more then hee. *Phil.* Well, it I heare,
I will not answere him a word, you shall reply,
And prethee *Lidia* doe, reply for mee.

Lid. For that wee shall, *Phillis*, doe well enough
When he begins, who seemes is very long
To give the onset, sure the man is much
Perplexed, or he studies what to say.

Phil. Good *Lidia* see how he hath trickt himselfe,
Now sure this gay fresh suite as seemest to mee
Hangs like green Iuy on a rotten tree. (your goates:

Lid. Some beasts doe weare gray beards beside
And bear with him, this suit bewraies yong thoughts

Mon. Ah was it not enough to be opprest
With that confounding passion of my loue
And her disdaine, but that I must be torne
With wrath and enuie too, and haue no veine
Free from the rache of suffrings, that I can
Nor speake nor thinke but most distractedly?

How shall I now begin, that haue no way
To let out any passion by it selfe,
But that they all will thrust together so
As none will be expressed as they ought?
But something I must say now I am here,
And be it what it will, loue, enuie wrath,
Or all together in a comberment,
My words must be like me, perplexed and rent,
And so I le to her. *Phi.* *Lidia*, see he comes.

Lid.

Lid. He comes indeed, and as me thinkes doth
More trouble in his face by farre, then loue. (shew

Mon. Faire *Phillis*, and too faire for such a one,
Vnlesse you kinder were, or better then
I know you are : how much I haue endur'd
For you, although you skorne to know, I feele,
And did imagine, that in being a man
Who might deserue regard, I should haue bin
Prefer'd before a boy. But well, I see
Your seeming and your being disagree. (thus

Phi. What *Lidia*, doth he brawle? what meanes he
To speake and looke in this strange sort on me?

Mon. VVell modest *Phillis*, never looke so coy,
These eyer beheld you dallying with a boy.

Phi. Me with a boy, *Montanus*? when? where? how?

Mon. To day, here, in most lasciuious sort.

Lid. Ah, ha, belike he sawe you *Phillis*, when
This morning you did striue with *Cloris* boy.
To haue your garland, which he snacht away,
And kept it from you by strong force and might:
And you againe laid hold vpon the same,
And held it fast vntill with much adoe
Hewrung it from your hands, and got away.
And this is that great matter which he saw.

Now fye *Montanus* fye, are you so grosse,
T'Imagine such a worthy nymph as shee
VVould be in loue with such a youth as he?
VVhy now you haue vndone your credit quite,
You never can make her amends for this

So impious a surmisse, nor euer can
Shee, as shee reason hath, but must despise
your grossenesse; who should rather haue come in
And righted her, then suffer such a one
To offer an indignity so vile,
And you stand prying in a bush the while.

Mon. VVhat do I heare? what, am I not my selfe?
How? haue mine eyes double vndone me then?
First seeing *Phillis* face, and now her fact,
Or else the fact I saw, I did not see?
And since thou hast my vnderstanding wrong'd,
And traytour-like giuen false intelligence,
VVhereby my iudgement comes to passe amisse.
And yet I thinke my sence was in the right:
And yet in this amaze I can not tell,
But howsoere, I in an errour am,
In louing, or beleeuing, or in both.
And therefore *Phillis*, at thy feet I fall,
And pardon craue for this my grosse surmisse.

Lid. But this, *Montanus*, will not now suffise.
You quite haue lost her, and your hopes and all.

Man. Good *Lidia* yet intreate her to relent,
And let her but command me any thing
That is within the power of man to do,
And you shall finde *Montanus* will performe
More then a Gyant, and will stead her more
Then all the heardsmen in *Arcadia* can.

Lid. Shee will command you nothing; but I wish
You would a little terrifie that boy

For

As he may never dare to vse her name
 But in all reverence as is fit for her.
 But doe not you examine him a word ;
 For that were neither for your dignity,
 Nor hers, that such a boy as he should stand
 And iustifie himselfe in such a case,
 Who would but faine vntruths vnto your face.
 And herein you some seruice shall performe,
 As may perhaps make her to thinke on you.

Mon. Alas, this is a worke so farre, so low
 Beneath my worth, as I account it none,
 Were it to encounter some fierce mountaine beast
 Or monster, it were something fitting mee.
 But yet this will I doe, and doe it home,
 Assure you *Lidia* : as I liue I will.

Phi. But yet I would not haue you hurt the youth,
 For that were neither grace for you nor mee.

Mon. That as my rage will tollerate must be.

ACT. II. SCEN. IV.

Cloris.

Clarindo.

Here comes my long expected messenger,
 God grant the newes hee brings may make
 For his long stay; and sure, I hope it will. (amends
 Me thinkes his face bewraies more iollytie

In

In his returning then in going hence.

Cla. Well, all is wel; no *Amarillis* hath
Supplanted *Silvia* loue in *Thirsis* heart,
Nor any shall: but see where *Cloris* lookes
For what I shall not bring her at this time.

Clo. *Clarindo* though my longing would be faine
Dispatch'd at once, & heare my doome pronounc'd
All in a word of either life or death,
Yet do not tell it but by circumstance.
Tell me the manner where, and how thou foundst
My *Thirsis*, what he said, how look'd, how far'd,
How he receau'd my message, vsed thec;
And all in briefe, but yet be sure tell all.

Cla. All will I tell as neere as I can tell.
First after tedious searching vp and downe,
I found him all alone, like a hurt Dear,
Got vnder couer in a shadie groue,
Hard by a little christall purling spring,
Which but one sullen note of murmur held;
And where no sunne could see him, where no eye
Might overlooke his louely primacy.
There in a path of his owne making, trode
Bare as a common way, yet led no way
Beyond the turnes he made (which were but short)
With armes acrosse, his hat downe on his eyes
(As if those shades yeelded not shade ynough,
To darken them) he walkes with often stops,
Vneuen pace, like motions to his thoughts.
And when he heard me comming, for his eares
Were

VVere quicker watches then his eyes, it seem'd,
He suddenly lookes vp, staies suddenly,
And with a brow that told how much the sight
Of any interrupter troubled him,
Beheld me, without speaking any word,
As if expecting what I had to say.

I finding him in this confus'd dismay,

(VVho heretofore had seene him otherwise:
I must confess, (for tell you all I must,))

A trembling passion overwhelmd my breast,
So that I likewise stood confus'd and dumbe,
And onely lookt on him, as he on me.

In this strange posture like two statues we
Remaind a while; but with this difference set:
He blusht, and I look'd pale; my face did shew
Joy to see him, his trouble to be seene.

At length bethinking me for what I came,
VVhat part I had to act, I rowzd my spirits,
And set my selfe to speake; although I wisht
He would haue first begun; and yet before
A word would issue, twice I bowd my knee,
Twice kist my hand; my action so much was
More ready then my tongue: at last I told
VVhose messenger I was, and how I came
To intimate the sadde distressed case
Of an afflicted nymph, whose onely helpe
Remaind in him: he when he heard the name
of *Cloris*, turnes away his head, and shrinkes,
As if he grieued that you should grieue for him.

Clo. No, no, it troubled him to heare my name,
Which he despises, is he so pervers
And wayward still? ah then I see no hope.
Clarindo, would to God thou hadst not gone,
I could be, but as now, I am vndone.

Cla. Haue patience Mistres, & but heare the rest.
When I perceiu'd his suffring, with the touch
And sodaine stop it gaue him, presently
I layd on all the waights that motion might
Procure, and him besought, adiur'd, invok'd,
By all the rights of Nature, pietie,
And manlines, to heare my message out.
Told him how much the matter did import
Your safetie and his fame. How hee was bound
In all humanity to right the same. (then ?

Clo. That was well done my boy, what said he

Cla. Hee turnes about, and fixt his eyes on mee,
Content to giue his eares a quiet leaue,
To heare me. when I faild not to relate
All what I had in charge; and all he heares,
And lookes directly on me all the while.

Clo. I doubt he noted thee more then thy words,
But now *Clarindo*, what was his reply?

Cla. Thus. Tel faire *Clariss*, my good boy, how that
I am not so disnatured a man,
Or so ill borne, to disesteeme her loue,
Or not to grieue, (as I protest I doe)
That shee should so afflict her selfe for mee.
But. *Clo.* Ah now comes that bitter word of But

Which makes all nothing, that was said before.
 That smoothes & wounds, that stroakes and dashes
 Then flat denials, or a plaine disgrace. (more
 But tell me yet what followed on that *But*?)

Cla. Tell her (said hee) that I desire shee would
 Redeeme her selfe at any price shee could,
 And never let her thinke on mee, who am
 But even the barke, and outside of a man,
 That trades not with the liuing, neither can
 Nor cuer will keepe other company.
 Then with the dead. My *Silvias* memory
 Is all that I must ever liue withall.
 With that his teares, which likewise forced mine,
 Set me againe vpon another racking
 Of passion so, that of my selfe I sought
 To comfort him the best I could devise.
 And I besought him that he would not be
 Transported thus. But know that with the dead
 He should no more conuerse: and how his loue
 Was liuing, that would giue him all content,
 And was all his intire, and pure, and wisht
 To liue no longer then shee should be so.
 When more I would haue said, he shooke his head
 And wild me speake no further at that time,
 But leaue him to himselfe, and to returne
 Againe anone, and he would tell me more;
 Commending me for hauing done the part
 Both of a true and mouing messenger.
 And so I tooke my leave, and came my way.

Clo.

Clo. Retayne againe? no, to what end,
If hee be so conceited, and so fond
To intertwaine a shadow, I haue done,
And wish, that I had never done so much:
Shall I descend below my selfe, to send
To one is not himselfe? Let him alone
With his dead image: you shall goe no more:
Haue I here fram'd with all the art I could
This garland deckt with all the various flowres,
Arcadia yeelds, in hope he would send backe
Some confort, that I might therwith haue crown'd
His loue, and witness'd mine, in thendles round
Of this faire ring, the Character of faith?

But now he shall haue none of it, I rather will
Rend it in peeces, and dishatter all
Into a Chaos, like his formeles thoughts.

But yet thou faist he wilde thee to returne,
And he would tell thee more.

Cla. Yes so he saide.

Clo. Perhaps thy words might yet so worke with
As that hee takes this time to thinke on them,
And then I should doe wrong to keepe thee backe:
Well thou shalt goe, and carry him from mee
This garland, worke it what effect it will.

But yet I know it will doe nothing. Stay
Thou shalt not goe, for sure hee said but that
To put thee off, that he might be alone
At his idolatrie, in worshipping
A nothing, but his selfe made images.

But yet he may be wearied with those thoughts
 As having worne them long, and end they must:
 And this my message comming in fit time,
 And mouingly deliuered, may take hold:
 He said thou wert a mouing messenger
Clarindo, did he not?

Cla. Yes so he said.

Clo. Well, thou shalt goe; and yet if any thought
 Of me should moue him, he knowes wel my mind
 (if not too well) and where he may me finde.
 Thou shalt not goe *Clarindo*, nor will I
 Disgrace me more with importunity:
 And yet if such a motion should take fire,
 And finde no matter ready, it woulde out,
 And opportunities must not be slackt
Clarindo, thou shalt goe, and as thou goest,
 Looke to my flocke, and so God speed thee well.

SCEN. V.

Clarindo, alias Silvia sol.

VELL, this imployment makes for my auaile,
 For hereby haue I meanes to see my loue;
 Who likewise lees me, though he sees me not;
 Nor doe I see him as I would I did.
 But I must by some meanes or other make
 Him know I liue; and yet not so as he

May

May know that I am I, for feare we might
Miscary in our ioyes by ouer haste.
But it is more then time his suffrings were
Releeu'd in some close sort; and that can I devise
No way to doe, but by relating how
I heard of an escape a nymph did make
From pirats lately, and was safe return'd.
And so to tel' some storie that containes
Our fortunes and our loues, in other names;
And wish him to expect the like euent;

For I perceiue him very well content
To heare me speake; and sure he hath some note,
Although so darkly drawne, as that his eyes
Cannot expreſſly reade it; yet it showes
Him ſomthing, which he rather feels, then knowes.

The ſong of the ſecond Chorus.

Desire that is of things ungot,

See what trouable it procureth,

And how much the wunde endureth,

To gaine what yet it gaieth not:

For never was it paid,

The charge defraide,

According to the price of thought.

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Charinus, the father of Thirſis. Palamon.

P *Alamon, you me thinkes might ſomething work
With Thirſis my aggrecued ſonne, and ſound
His humour what it is: and why he thus
Afflicts himſelfe in ſolitarineſſe.
You two were wont to be moft inward friends,
And glad I was to ſee it; knowing you
To be a man well tempreſt, fit to ſort
With his raw youth; can you doe nothing now,
To win him from this vile captiuity
Of paſſion, that withholdeſ him from the world?*

Pal. In troth, *Charinus*, I haue oſtentimes,
As one that ſuffered for his gricuances,
Allayd to finde a way into the cauſe
Of his ſo ſtrange dismay; and by all meaneſ
Aduis'd him make redemeption of himſelfe,
And come to life againe, and be a man
With men: but all ſerues not, I finde him lockt
Fast to his will, alleadge I what I can.

Char. But will he not impart to you the cauſe?

Pal. The cauſe is loue; but it is ſuch a loue,
As is not to be had. *Char.* Not to be had?
Palamon, if his loue be regular,

Is there in all *Arcadia* any shee,
Whom his ability, his shape, and worth
May not attaine, he being my onely sonne?

Pal. Shee is not in *Arcadia* whom he loues,
Nor in the world, and yet he deereley loues.

Cha. How may that be, *Palemon*? tell me plaine.

Pal. Thus plainly; he's in loue with a dead woman,
And that so farre, as with the thought of her
Which hath shut out all other, he alone
Lives, and abhорres to be, or scene, or knowne. (so?

Cha. What was this creature could possesse him

Pal. Faire *Silvia*, old *Medorus* daughter, who
Was two yeares past reported to be slaine
By sauage beasts vpon our countrey shore.

Cha. Is that his griefe? alas, I rather thought
It appertain'd vnto anothers part
To wayle her death: *Alexis* should doe that
To whom her father had disposed her,
And shee esteemed onely to be his.
Why should my sonne afflict him more for her,
Then doth *Alexis*, who this day doth wed
Faire *Galatea*, and forgets the dead?
And here the shepheards come to celebrate
His ioyfull nuptials with all merriment,
Which doth increase my cares, considering
The comforts other parents doe receiue:
And therefore good *Palemon* worke all meanes
You can to win him from his peevish will,
And draw him to these shewes, to companies,

That others pleasures may inkindle his.

And tell him what a sinne he doeth commit,
To waste his youth in solitarinelle,
And take a course to end vs all in him.

Pal. Assure your selfe / *Charinus*, as I haue
So will I still imploy my vtmost powre,
To saue him; for me thinks it pittie were,
So rare a peece of worth should so be lost,
That ought to be preserued at any cost.

ACT. III. SCEN. II.

Charinus. Medorus.

Medorus come, we two must sit, and mourne
Whilst others reuell. We are not for sports,
Or nuptiall shewes, which will but shew vs more
Our miferies, in beeing both depriu'd,
The comforts of our issue, which might haue
(And was as like to haue) made our hearts
As ioyfull now, as others are in theirs.

Med. In deed *Charinus*, I for my part haue
Iust cause to grieue amidst these festiuals,
For they should haue beene mine. This day I should
Haue seene my daughter *Silvia* how she would
Haue womand it; these rites had bene her grace,
And shee had sat in *Galateas* place.

And

And now had warm'd my heart to see my bloud
Preseru'd in her ; had shee not beene so rapt
And rent from off the liuing as shee was.
But your case is not pararell with mine,
You haue a sonne, *Charinus*, that doth liue,
And may one day to you like comforts giue.

Cha. Indeed I haue a sonne; but yet to say he liues,
I cannot ; for who liues not to the world,
Nor to himselfe, cannot be said to live:
For euer since that you your daughter lost,
I lost my sonne : for from that day he hath
Imbrak d in shades and solitarinelle,
Shut himselfe vp from light or company
Of any living: and as now I heard,
By good *Palamon*, vowes still so to doe. (deare?

Med. And did your sonne, my daughter loue so
Now good *Charinus*, I must grieue the more,
If more my heart could suffer then it doth ;
For now I feele the horrour of my deede,
In hauing crost the worthiest match on earth.
Now I perceue why *Silvia* did refuse
To marrie with *Alexis*, hauing made
A worthier choice ; which oh had I had grace
To haue foreseen, perhaps this dismall chance
Neuer had bene, and now they both had had
Ioy of their loues, and we the like of them.

But ah my greedy eye, viewing the large
And spacious sheep-walkes ioyning vnto mine,
Whereof *Alexis* was possesst, made me,

As

As worldlings doe desire to marry grounds,
 And not affections, which haue other bounds.
 How oft haue I with threats, with promises,
 VVith all perswasions, sought to win her minde
 To fancie him, yet all would not preuaile?
 How oft hath shee againe vpon her knees
 VVith teares besought me; Oh deare father mine
 Doe not inforce me to accept a man
 I cannot fancie: rather take from mee,
 The life you gaue me, then afflxit it so.

Yet all this would not alter mine intent,
 This was the man shee must affect or none.
 But ah what sinne was this to torture so
 A hart forevow'd vnto a better choice,
 VVhere goodnesse met in one the selfe same point,
 And vertues answer'd in an equall ioynt?
 Sure, sure, *Charinus*, for this sinne of mine
 The gods bereaft me of my childe, and would
 Not haue her be, to be without her heart,
 Nor me take ioy where I did none impart.

Cha. Medorus, thus wee see mans wretchednesse
 That learnes his errours but by their successe,
 And when there is no remedie, and now
 Wee can but wish it had beene otherwise.

Med. And in that wish *Charinus* we are racket;
 But I remember now I often haue
 Had shadowes in my sleepe that figures bare
 Of some such liking twixt your childe and mine.
 And this last night a pleasing dreame I had

(Though

(Though dreams of ioy makes wakers minds more
Me thought my daughter *Silvia* was return'd (sad)
In most strange fashion, and vpon her knees
Craues my good will for *Thirfis*, otherwise
She would be gone againe and scene no more.

I at the sight of my deare childe, was rapt
With that excelsē of ioy, as gaue no time
Either for me to answere her request,
Or leaue for sleepe to figure out the rest.

Ch. Alas Medorus, dreames are vapours, which
Ingendred with day thoughts, fall in the night
And vanish with the morning; are but made
Afflictions vnto man, to th' end he might
Not rest in rest, but toyle both day and night.

Bnt see here comes my solitarie sonne:
Let vs stand close *Medorus* out of sight,
And note how he behaues himselfe in this
Affliction, and distressed case of his.

SCEN. III.

Thirfis solus.

THIS is the day, the day, the lamentable day
Of my destruction, which the Sun hath twice
Returnd vnto my griefe, which keepe one course
Continually with it in motion like.

But

But that they neuer set: this day doth claime
 Th' especiall tribute of my sighes and teares,
 Though every day I duely pay my teares
 Vnto that soule which this day left the world.

And yet I know not why? me thoughts the Sun
 Arose this day with farre more cheerefull rayes
 With brighter beames, then vsually it did
 As if it would bring something of release
 Vnto my cares, or else my spirit hath had
 Some manner of intelligence with hope
 Wherewith my heart is vnacquainted yet:
 And that might cause mine eie with quicker sence,
 To note th' appearing of the eye of heauen;
 But something sure I feele which doth beare vp
 The weight of sorrow easier then before.

SCEN. I V.

Palamon.

Thirfis.

VVhat Thirfis still in passion? still one man?
 For shame shew not your selfe so weakely
 So feebly ioynted that you cannot beare (set,
 The fortunes of the world like other men.
 Beleeue me Thirfis you much wrong your worth:
 This is to be no man, to haue no powers.
 Passions are womens parts, actions ours.

I was

I was in hope I haue found you otherwise.

Thir. How? otherwise *Palamon*? doe not you
Hold it to be a most heroicke thing
To act one man, and doe that part exact?
Can there be in the world more worthinesse
Then to be constant? is there any thing (change?)
Shewes more a man? What, would you haue me
That were to haue me base, that were indeed
To shew a feeble heart, and weakely set.

No no *Palamon*, I should thinke my selfe
The most vnworthy man of men, should I
But let a thought into this heart of mine
That might disturbe or shake my constancie.

And thinke *Palamon* I haue combates too,
To be the man I am, being built of flesh,
And hauing round about me traytors too
That seeke to vndermine my powres, and steale
Into my weakenesses, but that I keepe
Continual watch and ward vpon my selfe,
Least I should be surpriz'd at vnawares
And taken from my vowes with other snares.

And euен now at this instant I confesse,
Palamon, I doe feele a certaine touch
Of comfort, which I feare to entertaine,
Least it should be some spie, sent as a traime
To make discouery of what strength I am.

Pal. Ah worthie Thirfis, entertaine that spirit
What euer else thou doe: set all the doores
Of thine affections open thereunto.

Thir.

Thir. Palamon no. Comfort and I haue beene
 So long time strangers, as that now I feare
 To let it in. I know not how t'acquaint
 My selfe therewith, being vsed to conuerse
 VVith other humours, that affect me best.
 Nor doe I loue to haue mixt company
 VVhereto I must of force my selfe apply.

Pal. But *Thirfis* thinke that this must haue an end,
 And more it would approoue your worth to make
 The same your work, then time shoule make it his.

Thir. End sure it must *Palamon*, but with me:
 For so I by the Oracle was told
 That very day wherein I lost the day
 And light of comfort that can neuer rise
 Againe to mee: when I the faddest man
 That euer breath'd before those Altars fell,
 And there besought to know what was become
 Of my deare *Silvia*, whether dead, or how
 Reaft from the world: but that I could not learne.
 Yet thus much did that voice diuine returne:
 Goe youth, reserue thy selfe, the day will come
 Thou shalt be happy, and returne againe.
 But when shall be that day demanded I,
 The day thou dyest, replide the Oracle.

So that you see, it will not be in these
 But in th'Elizian fields, where I shall ioy;
 The day of death must bring me happinesse.

Pal. You may mistake the meaning of those words
 Which is not knowne before it be fulfill'd.

Yeeld

Yeeld you to what the gods command, if not
Vnto your friends desires: reserue your selfe
For better daies, and thinke the Oracle
Is not vntrue, although not vnderstood.

But howsouer, let it not be said
That *Thir* is being a man of so rare parts,
So vnderstanding and discrete, should pine in loue
And languish for a silly woman thus:
To be the fable of the vulgar, made
A scorne, and laught at, by inferiour wits.

Thir. In loue *Palemon*? know you what you say?
Doe you esteeme it light to be in loue?
How haue I bee[n]e mistaken in the choice
Of such a friend, as I held you to be,
That seemes not, or else doth not vnderstand
The noblest portion of humanity,
The worthiest peece of nature set in man?
Ah know that when you mention loue, you name
A sacred misterie, a Deity,
Not vnderstood of creatures built of mudde,
But of the purest and refined clay
Whereto th' eternall fires their spirits conuey.

And for a woman, which you prize so low,
Like men that doe forget whence they are men;
Know her to be th' especiall creature, made
By the Creator of the complement
Of this great Architect the world; to hold
The same together, which would otherwise
Fall all asunder: and is natures chiefe

Vice.

Vicerent vpon earth, supplies her state.

And doe you hold it weakenesse then to loue?
 And loue so excellent a miracle
 As is a worthy woman, ah then let mee
 Still be so weake, still let me loue and pine
 In contemplation of that cleane, cleare soule,
 That made mine see that nothing in the world
 Is so supreamely beautifull as it.

Thinke not it was those colours white and red
 Laid but on flesh, that could affect me so. (locke
 But something else, which thought holds vnder
 And hath no key of words to open it.
 They are the smallest peeces of the minde
 That passe this narrow organ of the voice.
 I he great remaine behinde in that vast orbe
 Of th' apprehension, and are neuer borne.

And therefore if your iudge cannot reach
 Vnto the vnderstanding of my Case,
 You doe not well to put your selfe into
 My lury, to condemne me as you doe.
 Let th' ignorant out of their dulnesse laugh
 At these my sufferings, I will pitty them
 To haue beene so ill borne, so miscompos'd
 As not to know what thing it is to loue.

And I to great *Apollo* here appeale
 The soueraigne of the Muses, and of all
 Wel tun'd affections, and to *Cimbria* bright,
 And glorious Lady of cleere faithfulnesse;
 Who from aboue looke down with blisfull beames

Vpon

Vpon our humble groues, and ioy the hearts
Of all the world, to see their mutuall loues;
They can iudge what worthinesse there is
In worthy loue. Therefore *Palemon* peace,
Vnlesse you did know better what it were.

And this be sure, when as that fire goes out
In man, he is the miserablest thing.
On earth, his day-light sets, and is all darke
And dull within; no motions of delight,
But all opprest, lies struggling with the weight
Of worldly cares: and this olde *Damon* saies,
Who well had felt what loue was in his daies.

Pal. Well *Thirsis*, well, how euer you doe guilde
Your passions, to indeere them to your selfe,
You never shall induce me to beleue,
That sicknesse can be of such effect.
And so farewell, vntill you shall be well.

SCEN. V

Medorus: Charinus.

O Gods, *Charinus*, what a man is this?
Who euer heard of such a constancie?
Had I but knowne him in enioying him,
As now I doe, too late, in losing him,
How blest had bene mine age? but ah I was

D

Vnwor-

Vnworthie of so great a blessednesse.

Cha. You see, *Medorus*, how no counsell can
Preuaile to turne the current of his will,
To make it run in any other course
Then what it doth ; so that I see I must
Esteeme him irreuocably lost.

But harke, the shepheards festiuals begin,
Let vs from hence, where sadnesse were a sinne.

Here was presented a rurall marriage, con-
ducted with this Song.

*From the Temple to the Boord,
From the Boord unto the Bed,
We conduct your maidenhead:
Wishing Hymen to affoord
All the pleasures that be can,
Twixt a woman and a man.*

ACT. IIII. SCEN. I.

Thirfis solus

I Thought these simple woods, these gentle trees
Would, in regard I am their daily guest,
And harbour vnderneath their shadie roofes,
Not haue consented to delude my griefes ;

And

And mock my miseries with false reports :
But now I see they will afflict me too.

For as I came by yonder spreading Beech
Which often hath the Secretarie beene
To my sad thoughts, while I haue rested me
(if loue had ever rest) vnder his gentle shade,
I found incarued, and faire incarued, these words :
Thy Silvia, Thirsis, lines; and is return'd.

Ah me, that any hand would thus adde scorne
Vnto affliction ; and a hand so faire
As this may seeme to be ; which were more fit,
Methinkes, for good, then to doe iniurie ;
For sure no vertue should be ill employd.

And which is more; the name of *Silvia* was
Carued in the selfe same kinde of character
Which shee aliue did vse, and wherewithall
Subscrib'd her vowes to me, who knowes it best ;
Which shews the fraud the more, & more the wrōg.
Therefore you stars of that high court of heauen,
Which do reueale deceits, and punish them,
Let not this crime, to counterfeit a hand
To couzin my delires, escape your doome.
Nor let these riots of intrusion, made
Vpon my louenelise, by strange company
Afflict me thus, but let me haue some rest.

Come then, refresher of all liuing things,
Soft sleepe, come gently, and take truce with these
Oppressours, but come simple and alone,
VVithout these images of fantasie,

Which hurt me more then thou canst do me good:
Let me not sleepe, vnlesse I could sleepe all.

SCEN. II.

*Palemon.**Thirfis.*

A Las, he here hath laid him downe to rest,
It were now sinne his quiet to molest ;
And God forbid I should; I will retire
And leaue him, for I know his grieves require
This poore releeuement of a little sleepe. (free?

Thi. What spirit here haunts me? what no time
Ah, is it you *Palemon*? would to God
You would forbear me but a little while :
You shew your care of me too much in this :
Vnseasonable loue, skarce kindnesse is.

Pal. Good *Thirfis*, I am sorie I should giue
The least occasion of disease to you ;
I will be gone and leaue you to your rest.

Thi. Doe good *Palemon*, goe your way, farewell ;
And yet *Palemon* stay, perhaps you may
By charmes you haue, cause sleep to close mine eies ;
For you were wont, I doe remember well,
To sing me Sonnets, which in passion I
Composed in my happier daies, when as
Her beames inflam'd my spirits, which now are set.

And

And if you can remember it, I pray (loue)
Sing me the song, which thus begins: Eyes hide my
Which I did write vpon the earnest charge
Shee gaue vnto me, to conceale our loue.

The Song.

*Eyes hide my loue, and doe not shew
To any but to her my notes,
Who onely doth that cipher know,
Wherewith we passe our secret thoughts:
Belie your lookes in others sight;
And wrong your selues to doe her right.*

Pal. So now he sleeps, or else doth seeme to sleep;
But howsoeuer, I will not trouble him.

SCEN. III.

Clarindo. *Thirfis*

*S*ee where he lies, whom I so long to see;
Ah my deere *Thirfis*, take thy quiet rest,
I know thou needst it, sleepe thy fill, sweete loue
Let nothing trouble thee: be calme oh windes,
Be still you heards, chirp not so loud sweet birds,
Lest you should wakemy loue: thou gentle banke

That thus art blest to beare so deare a weight,
 Be soft vnto those dainty lymmes of his,
 Plie tender grasse, and render sweet refresh
 Vnto his wearie senses,whilst he rests.

Oh could I now but put off this disguise,
 VVith those respects that fetter my ~~desire~~: desire
 How closely could I neighbour that sweet side?
 But stay, he stirres; I feare my heart hath brought
 My feete too neere, and I haue wakened him.

Thi. It will not be, sleepe is no friend of mine,
 Or such a friend, as leaves a man, when most
 He needes him. See a new assault: who now?
 Ah tis the boy that was with me erewhiles,
 That gentle boy; I am content to speake
 With him, he speakes so pretily, so sweet,
 And with so good respectiue modesty:
 And much reſemblables one I knew once well:
 Come hither gentle boy, what haſt thou there?

Cla. A token ſent you from the nymph I ſerue.

Thi. Keepe it my boy, and weare it on thy head.

Cla. The gods forbid, rhat I, a ſeruant, ſhould
 Weare on my head, that which my miſtreſſe hath
 Prepar'd for yours: Sir, I beſeech you vrge
 No more a thing ſo ill becomming me.

Thi. Nay ſure I thinke, it better will become
 Thy head then mine; and therefore boy, thou muſt
 Needes put it on.

Cla. I truſt you lowenelſe hath not ſo
 Vinciul'd you, to forſe a messenger

To doe against good manners, and his will.

Thi. No, good my boy, but I intreat thee now
Let me but put it on, hold still thy head,
It shall not be thy act, but onely mine :
Let it alone good boy, for if thou saw'st
How well it did become thee, sure thou wouldest.
Now, canst thou sing my boy some gentle song ?

Cla. I cannot sing, but I could weepe.

Thi. VVeepe, why ?

Cla. Because I am not as I wish to be.

Thi. VVhy so are none; be not dipleas'd for this;
And if you cannot sing, tell me some tale
To passe the time.

Cla. That can I doe, did I but know what kinde
Of tale you lik'd.

Thi. No merry tale my boy, nor yet too sad,
But mixed, like the tragicke Comedies.

Cla. Then such a tale I haue, and a true tale,
Believe me Sir, although not written yet
In any booke, but s'ret will, I know
Some gentle shepheard, moou'd with passion, must
Record it to the world, and well it will
Become the world to vnderstand the same.

And this it is : There was sometimes a nymph,
Isulia nam'd, and an *Arcadian* borne ;
Faire can I not avouch shee was, but chaste,
And honest sure, as the euent will prooue ;
VWhose mother dying, left her very young
Vnto her fathers charge, who carefully

Did breed her vp, vntill shée came to yeares
Of womanhood, and then prouides a match
Both rich, and young, and fit ynough for her.

But shée, who to another shepheard had
Call'd *Sirthis*, vow'd her loue, as vnto one
Her heart esteem'd more worthy of her loue,
Could not by all her fathers meanes be wrought
To leaue her choice; and to forgoe her vow.

Thi. No more could my deere *Silvia* be from me.

Cla. Which caused much affliction to thē both,

Thi. And so the selfe same cause did vnto vs.

Cla. This nymph one day, sureharg'd with loue &
Which cōmonly (the more the pittie) dwel (griefe,
As Inmates both together, walking forth
With other maydes, to fish vpon the shore ;
Estrayes apart, and leaves her companie,
To entertaine her selfe with her owne thoughts:
And wanders on so far, and out of sight,
As shée at length was sudainely surpriz'd
By Pyrats, who lay lurking vnderneath
Those hollow rocks, expecting there some prize.
And notwithstanding all her pittious cryes,
Intreaty, teares, and prayes, those feirce men
Rent haire, and vaile, and caried her by force
Into their ship, which in a little Creeke
Hard by, at Anck or lay, and presently hoy'sd saile,
And so away. *Thi.* Rent haire and vaile ? and so
Both haire and vaile of *Silvia*, I found rent,
Whiche heere I keepe with mee. But now alas

What

What did shee? what became of her my boy?

Cla. VVhen she was thus in shipp'd, and woefully
Had cast her eyes about to view that hell
Of horrour, wherinto she was so sudainely
Implung'd, shee spies a women sitting with a child
Sucking her breast, which was the captaines wife.
To her she creepes, downe at her feet she lyes;
O woman, if that name of woman may
Moue you to pittie, pittie a poore maid,
The most distressed soule that euer breath'd.
And saue me from the hands of these feirce men,
Let me not be defil'd, and made vncleane,
Deare woman now: and I will be to you
The faithfull st flauie that euer mistres seru'd;
Neuer poore soule shall be more dutifull,
To doe what euer you command, then I.
No toile will I refuse; so that I may
Keepe this poore body cleane and vndeflowr'd,
Which is all I will euer seeke. For know
It is not feare of death laies me thus low,
But of that stain wil make my death to blu sh. (hart?)
Thi. VVhat, would not all this mooue the womans
Cla. Al this would nothing moue the womans hart,
VVhom yet she would not leaue, but still besought;
Oh woman, by that infant at your breast,
And by the paines it cost you in the birth,
Saue me, as euer you desire to haue
Your babe to ioy and prosper in the world.
VVhich will the better prosper sure, if you

Shall

Shall mercy shew, which is with mercy paid.

Then killes shee her feet, then kisses too
 The infants feete, and oh sweet babe (said shee)
 Could'st thou but to thy mother speake for me,
 And craue her to haue pittie on my case;
 Thou mightst perhaps preuaile with her so much
 Although I cannot; child, ah could'st thou speake.

The infant, whether by her touching it
 Or by instinct of nature, seeing her weape,
 Lookes earnestly vpon her, and then lookes
 Vpon the mother, then on her againe,
 And then it cryes, and then on either looks :
 Which shee perceauing, blessed childe, said shee,
 Although thou canst not speake, yet do'st thou cry
 Vnto thy mother for me. Heare thy childe
 Deare mother, it's for mee it cryes,
 It's all the speech it hath: accept those cryes,
 Sau me at his request from being defilde;
 Lett pittie moue thee, that thus mooues thy childe.

The woman, though by birth and custome rude,
 Yet hauing veynes of nature, could not bee
 But peircible, did feele at length the point
 Of pittie, enter so, as out gush teares
 (Not vsuall to sterne eyes) and shee besought
 Her husband, to bestow on her that prize.

With safegard of her body, at her will. (nymph,

The captaine seeing his wife, the childe, the
 All crying to him in this pittious sort;
 Felt his rough nature shaken too, and grants

his

His wiues request, and seales his graunt with teares;
And so they wept all soure for company,
And some beholders stood not with dry eies;
Such passion wrought the passion of their prize.

Thi. In troth my boy, and euen thy telling it
Moues me likewise, thou doost so feelingly
Report the same, as if thou hadst bene by.
But I imagine now how this poore nymph
VVhen she receiu'd that doome, was comforted?

Cla. Sir, neuer was there pardon, that did take
Condemned from the blocke, more ioyfull then
This graunt to her. For all her misery
Seem'd nothing to the comfort she receiu'd.
By being thus sau'd from impurity.
And from the womans feet she would not part,
Nor trust her hand to be without some hold
Of her, or of the childe, so long as shee remaind
VVithin the ship, which in few daies arrives
At *Alexandria*, whence these pirats were;
And there this woefull maide for two yeares space
Did serue, and truly serue this captains wife,
VVho would not lose the benefit of her
Attendance for her profit otherwise.
But daring not in such a place as that
To trust her selfe in womans habite, crau'd
That she might be appareld like a boy,
And so she was, and as a boy she seru'd.

Thi. And two yeares tis, since I my *Silvia* lost.
Cla. At two yeares end, her mistres sends her forth
Unto

Vnto the Port for some commodities,
 Which whilst shee sought for, going vp and downe
 Shee heard some merchant men of *Corinth* talke,
 Who spake that language the Arcadians did,
 And were next neighbours of one continent.

To them all rapt with passion, downe shee kneeles,
 Tels them shee was a poore distressed boy,
 Borne in *Arcadia*, and by Pirats tooke
 And made a slaye in *Egypt*, and besought
 Them, as they fathers were of children, or
 Did hold their natvie countrey deare, they would
 Take pity on her, and releue her youth
 From that sad seruitude wherein shee liu'd:
 For which shee hop'd that shee had friends aliu
 Would thanke them one day, & reward them too;
 If not, yet that, shee knew the heauens would doe.
 The merchants mou'd with pity of her case,
 Being ready to depart, tooke her with them,
 And landed her vpon her countrey coast, (fals,
 VVhere when shee found her selfe, shee prostrate
 Kisses the ground, thankes giues vnto the Gods,
 Thankes them who had bee her deliverers.

And on shee trudges through the desart woods,
 Climes ouer craggie rockes, and mountaines steep,
 VVades thorough riuers, struggles thorough bogs,
 Sustained onely by the force of loue;
 Vntill shee came vnto the natvie plaines,
 Vnto the fields, where first shee drew her breath.

There lifts shee vp her eyes, salutes the ayre,

Can y

Salutes

Salutes the trees, the bushes, flowres, and all:

And oh deare *Sirthis*, here I am, said shee,
Here, notwithstanding all my miseries.

I am the same I was to thee ; a pure,
A chaste, and spotlesse maide : oh that I may
Finde thee the man, thou didst professe to be.

Thi. Or else no man ; for boy who truly loues,
Must ever so ; that dye will neuer out :
And who but would loue truly such a soule ?

Cla. But now, the better to haue notice how
The state of things then stood, and not in haste
To cast her selfe on new incumbrances,
Shee kept her habite still, and put her selfe
To serue a nymph, of whom shee had made choice
Till time were fitting to reueale her selfe.

Thi. This may be *Silnias* case ; this may be shee ;
But it is not : let me consider well :
The teller, and the circumstance agree.

SCEN. III.

Montanus. *Thirsis.* *Chorus.*

AH sirrha, haue I found you ? are you here
You princock boy ? and with your garland on ?
Doth this attire become your peeuiish head ?
Come, I must teach you better manners, boy.

He stabs Clarindo, and rafles off his garland.

So

So *Phillis*, I haue done my taske, and here
I bring the Trophey to confirme the same. (done?)
Thi. Ah monster man, vile wretch, what hast thou
Alas, in what a strait am I ingaged here?
If I pursue reuenge, I leauue to saue.
Help, help, you gentle swaines, if any now be neere,
Help, help: ah harke, euē *Ecco* helps me criē, ^{for} beast
Cho. What meanes this outcrie? sure some sauage
Disturbs our heards, or else some wolfe hath seaz'd
Vpon a Lambe. *Thi.* A worse thing then a wolfe,
More bloudy then a beast, hath murthered here
A gentler creature then a lambe: therefore
Good swaines pursue, pursue the homicide.
That ougly wretch, *Montanus*, who hath stabd
This lily creature here, at vnawares.

Cho. *Montanus*? why, we met him but eu'en now,
Deckt with a garland, grumbling to himselfe;
We will attaech that villaine presently:
Come sirs, make haste, and let vs after him.

SCEN. IIII.

Palemon.

Thirsis.

A Las, what accident is here falne out? (passē?)
My deere friend *Thirsis*, how comes this to
Thi. That monster man *Montanus*, here hath stab'd

A

A harmlesse youth, in message sent to me.
Now good *Palemon* help me hold him vp,
And see if that we can recouer him.

Pal. It may be *Thirsus*, more his feare then hurt:
Stay him a while, and I will haste and send
For *Lamia*, who with oyntments, oyler and herbes
If any help remayne, will help him sure.

Thi. Do good *Palemon*, make what haste you may
Seeke out for help, and be not long away.
Alas sweet boy, that thou shouldest ever haue
So hard misfortune, comming vnto me,
And end thy tale with this sad tragedie;
That tale which well resembled *Silvia* case,
Vvhich thou resemblest; for such browes had she,
Such a proportion'd face, and such a necke.

VVhat haue we here, the mole of *Silvia* too? (all?)
VVhat and her breasts? what? and her haire? what?
All *Silvia*? yes, all *Silvia*, and all dead.
And art thou thus return'd againe to me?
Art thou thy selfe, that strange deliuered nymph?
And didst thou come to tell me thine escape
From death to die before me? had I not
Ynough to doe, to wayle reported harmes
But thou must come to bleed within my armes?
VWas not one death sufficient for my greifes
But that thou must die twice? why thou wert dead
To me before. Why? must thou dye againe?
Ah, better had it bene still to be lost
Then thus to haue bene found; yet better found
Though

Though thus, then so lost as was thought before,
 For howsoeuer, now I haue thee yet
 Though in the saddest fashion that may be.
 Yet *Silvia* now I haue thee, and will I
 No more for euer part with thee againe:
 And we this benefit shall haue thereby
 Though fate would not permit vs both to haue
 One bed, yet *Silvia* we shall haue one graue.
 And that is something, and much more then I
 Expected euer could haue come to passe.

And sure the gods but only sent thee thus
 To fetch me, and to take me hence with thee;
 And *Silvia* so thou shalt. I ready am
 To accompany thy soule, and that with speed.
 The strings I feele, are all dissolu'd, that hold
 This wofull heart, reseru'd it seemes for this:
 And well reseru'd, for this so deare an end.

SCEN. V.

Chorus.

Palemon.

SO, we haue tooke the villaine, and him bound
 Fast to an Oake, as rugged as himselfe.
 And there he stares and gapes in th' ayre, and rauies
 Like a wilde beast, that's taken in the toyle:
 And so he shall remaine, till time we see

What

What will become of this his sauage act.

Pa: Cheere *Thirſis*, *Lamia* will come presently
And bring the best preseruatiues ſhe hath.

VVhat now? VVho lyes diſcouered here? Ay me,
A woman dead? Is this that boy tranſform'd?

VVhy, this is *Silvia*. O good *Thirſis* how
Comes this to paſſe? Friend *Thirſis*, *Thirſis* ſpeake.
Good *Thirſis* tell me. Out alas he ſownes,
As well as ſhe, and both ſeeme gone alike.

Come gentle heards-men, come and carry them
To yonder ſheep-cote quickly, that we may
(If poſſible) recouer them againe.
If not, performe those rites that appertaine
Vnto ſo rare a couple. Come my friends, make haſt.

The fourth Song of the Chorus.

Qu. Were euer chaste and honest hearts
Expoſ'd unto ſo great diſtresses?

Ans. Yes: they that act the worthieſt parts,
Moſt commonly haue moſt diſtreſſes.
Great fortunes follow not the beſt,
It's vertue that is moſt diſtreſſeſt.

Then fortune why doe we admire
The glory of thy great excesſes?
Since by thee what men acquire
Thy worke and not their worths expreſſes.
Nor doſt thou raife them for their good:
But i haue their illes more underſtood.

ACT. V. SCAEN. I.

Chorus. Palamon.

Did euer yet *Arcadia* heare before
Of two so worthie louers, as we find
Thersis and *Silvia* were? or euer had
Cleare truth, and simple constant honesty,
So lamentable an euent as this?
But here comes forth *Palamon*, we shall now
Learne all of him, what hath been done within.

Pal. Goe *Pollio*, summon all th' *Arcadia* youth
Here round about, and will them to prepare
To celebrate with all delights they can
This ioyfull houre, that hath restord to vs
The worthiest paire of hearts that euer were.

Will them to shew the height of musiques art,
And all the straines of cunning they can shew:
That we may make these rockes and hilles about,
Ring with the Eccho of redoubled notes.

And will *Charinus* and *Medorus* too,
The aged parents of this worthie paire,
To come with speed, whose ioy, good soules, wil be
More then their speed; and yet their speed I know,
Will be beyond th' allowance of their yeeres,
When they shall understand this happie newes.

And

And summon likewise all the traine of nymphes
That gloriſe our plaines, and all that can
Giue honour to this day.

Goe *Pollus* haſt away, and as you goe
Vnbind *Montanus* that rude ſauage ſwaine :
And though he be vñworthie to be here,
Yet let him come. He hath bene in his daies
Held a good fellow, howſoever now
His rage and loue transported him in this.

Cho. Palamon, we are glad to ſee you thus
Delightfull, now we hope there is good newes.

Pal. Good newes my friends, and I wil tell it you,
Silvia and *Thirſis* being to my cottage brought,
The ſkilfull *Lamia* comes and ſearcht the wound
Which *Silvia* had receiu'd of this rude ſwaine,
And finding it not deadly ſhe applyde
Those remedies ſhe knew of beſt effect.
And bindes it vp, and powres into her mouth
Such cordiall waters as reuiue the ſpirits :
And ſo much wrought, as ſhe at length perceiu'd
Life was not quite gone out, but lay oppreſt.

With like indeuours we on *Thirſis* worke,
And miniftr'd like Cordials vnto him :
At length we might heare *Silvia* fetch a groane,
And therewithal *Thirſis* perceiu'd to moue,
Then *Thirſis* fet a groane, and *Silvia* mou'd
As if their liues were made both of one peece.
Wherat we ioyd, and then remoud' and ſet

Each before other, & held vp their heads, (cheeke:
And chaf'd their temples, rub'd and stroak'd their
Wherewith first *Silvia* cast vp her dimme eyes,
And presently did *Thirsis* lift vp his.
And then againe they bothe together sigh'd,
And each on other fixt an vnseeing eye:
For yet t'was scarce the twylight of their new
Returning day, out of the night of death.
And though they saw, they did not yet perceiue
Each other, and yet bothe turn'd to one point
As toucht alike, and held their lookes direct.
At length we might perceiue, as life began
To appeare; and make the morning in their eyes,
Their beames were clearer, & their opener lookes
Did shew as if they tooke some little note
Of each the other: yet not so as they
Could thorowly discerne who themselues were.

And then we tooke and ioynd their hands in one,
And held them so a while, vntill we fealt
How euen each others touch, the motion gaue
Vnto their feeling, and they trembling wrung
Their hands together, and so held them lockt,
Lookt still vpon each other, but no words at all.

Then we call'd out to *Thirsis*, *Thirsis* looke,
It is thy *Silvia* thou here holdst, she is
Return'd, reuiu'd, and safe. *Silvia*, behold thou haft
Thy *Thirsis*, and shalt euer haue him thine.

Then did we set them both vpon their feet

And

And there they stood in act, euen as before
Looking vpon each other hand in hand:
At last we saw a blushing red appeare
In both their cheeke, which sense sent as a lampe
To light their vnderstanding. And forthwith
The teares gusht forth their eies, which hindred the
A while from seeing each other, till they had
Cleared them againe. And then as if new wak'd
From out a fearefull dreame, they stand and doubt
Whether they were awake indeed, or else
Still in a dreame, distrusting their owne eyes.
VV
Their long indured miseries, would not
Let them belieue their sudden happinesse,
Although they saw it: till with much adoe
They had confirm'd their credit, and had kist
Each other, and imbrac'd, and kist againe,
And yet still dumbe: their joy now seem'd to be
Too busie with their thoughts, to allow them words.

And then they walke a little, then stood still,
Then walke againe, and still held other fast
As if they fear'd, they should be lost againe.

And when at last they spake, it was but thus,
O *Silvia*, and O *Thersis*, and there stopt.

VVe, lest our sight and presence (being there
So many) hinder might the passage of
Their modest, simple, and vnpractis'd loue,
Came all our way, and onely *Lamia* left
VWhose spirit, and that sufficient skill she hath
Will serue no doubt, to see they shall doe well.

Cho. VVell may they do deere couple, who have
Grac'd our *Arcadia* with their faithfulness. (thus

SCAEN. II.

Phillis. *Lidia.* *Cloris.*

VVHat shall we now do *Lidia*? now am I
Vtterly sham'd: this youth turn'd woman
Clorindo, *Silvia* is become; how now? (is.
Can I for ever looke on her againe?
Or come in any company for shame?
Now must I needs be made a common iest
And laughing stocke to euery one that shall
But heare how grossely I behau'd my selfe.

Lid. Faith *Phillis* as it is false out, your case
Is very crazie, and to make it whole
There is no way but euen to laugh it out,
And set as good a face, as you can doe
Upon the matter, and say thus: How you
Knew well enough it was the man whom you
Affected so, who never could love man,
Nor ever would, and that by mere instinct
And sympathie of Sexe, you fancied him.
So put it off, and turne it to a iest,

Phl. That shall I never doe, but ever blush
At her, to thinke what she will thinke of me,

VVho

VVho did bewray my selfe so foolishly.

Lid. Are you here *Cloris*, you are blest to day
For being mistres vnto such a boy :

You may reioyce that ever this fell out.

Clo. Reioyce ? ah *Lidia*, never was there nymphe
Had more occasion to be sad then I,
For I am quite vndone and sham'd hereby.
For I employ'd this my supposed boy
In message vnto *Thirfis*, whom I lou'd
I must confesse, more dearely then my life :
And told him all the secrets of my heart.
And therefore with what face can ever I
Looke vpon them that know thus much by me?
No *Lidia*, I will now take *Thirfis* course :
Hide me for ever in these desert woods,
And never come in companie againe ;
They shall not laugh at me in their great ioyes.

Lid. But *Cloris*, I would laugh with them, were I
And howsoeuer felt my selfe within, (as you,
Yet would I seeme be otherwise without.
Cannot you say, that you knew well enough
How it was *Silvia* that you intertain'd,
Although you would not seeme to take such note ;
And thereupon employ'd her in that sort
To *Thirfis*, knowing who it was would giue
To him the greatest comfort vpon earth.

And thus faire Nymphes you fitly may excuse
These simple slips, and know that they shall still
Haue crostes with their piles, who thus doe play

Their

Their fortunes with their loues, as you two did :
But you must frame your countenance thereto
And looke with other faces then their owne.
As many else doe here, who in their parts
Set shinning lookes vpon their clowdy hearts,
And let vs mixe vs with this company
That here appeares with mirth and iollitie.

The Song of the fifth Chorus.

Who ene saw so faire a sight,
Loue and vertue met aright :
And that wonder Constancie,
Like a Comet to the eye
Seldome ene scene so bright,
Sound out alond so rare a thing,
That all the Hilles and Vales may ring.

Looke, Louers looke, with passion see,
If that any such there bee :
As there cannot bnt be such
Who doe feele that noble touch
In this glorious companie,
Sound out aloud, &c.

FINIS.

6 JA 70

Page 51. line 24. & page 54. line 28. for louenesse, reade louekesse. lb. p. 54. l. 6.
for deceipte, deceipte. p. 59. l. 23. put out, all. p. 62. l. 7. at the verses end, addes, help.
p. 63. l. 6. i. tales.

